

THE
Johnson Journal



Spring Issue, 1937



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A TRAGEDY OF WAR

This age is boastful of many inventive and progressive developments but lacks, in spite of all the opportunities offered for education and training, a single creative artist whose name is likely to become immortal.

True we have fine artists, composers, authors, poets but no new movement in any creative field has been launched since the World War. No great name or great school of the post-war era is certain now of enduring beyond the day to day fancies of the time.

Hawthorne, Poe, Longfellow left us a picture of their periods. Gauguin, Manet, Cezanne fathered a new theory of art. The music lover still finds classic composition almost entirely confined to such immortals as Wagner, Beethoven, Chopin, and, for the lesser but later works, Verdi, Herbert and other pre-war artists.

A new civilization has taken hold of the world. We live in a time as far apart in every habit and form of living from that of the World War, as the World War is far apart from the dawn of the Christian era. Yet we have nothing distinctly our own in the field of culture, except the fash-

ionable and popular works which pass out of vogue and out of existence with each day and year. Especially we lack great music composers. The influence of mechanical civilization is seen in other forms of art, particularly painting and sculpture.

Of those who today stand foremost among the composers of the world, practically all are men well past middle life. They were trained and developed in the pre-war school. Some of the best of our active composers are in their seventies.

The reason for this is the brutal carnage of warfare. Youth in all the civilized and cultural nations of the world was regimented into a military machine and sacrificed in the lust for gain and economic power. Young men of eighteen, about to set out on a career in music, found themselves in the trenches instead of conservatories, and their energies were directed towards killing other young men of the same tendencies.

The result is that those who were not killed were so maimed in body, mind and spirit that they never recovered the urge of youth. Their mental, physical and spiritual energies had been spent in waste and destruction, in murder and carnage, and

there was not enough left to restore to them the ideals and hopes which flourished in their youthful days.

The young men who were killed off by the hundreds of thousands in Europe and who were broken by hundreds of thousands in the strain and horror of international slaughter would have provided the composers, the artists, the writers, the great leaders who would depict our time

and create for the future the art of today.

We must now wait until another generation has matured to the point where its work will reach the stage of genius before we can point to a strictly modern school of music, before we can say of one or more contemporary composers, "This man's works will live forever."

Brian McKiernan, '39



LITERARY



AN INDIAN LEGEND

Oweenee was the daughter of Iagoo, chief of one of the largest tribes of the West. She was very beautiful. Her hair was as black as the crow's wings, and she walked with the freedom and grace of a deer.

Osseo, her husband, was a brave and handsome warrior. He was straight as an arrow, and fleet of foot. He was the best archer of the tribe, the fastest runner, the strongest wrestler, and a great believer in the god of the hereafter called Ta-vwoats.

One day Oweenee became very ill and Osseo did all in his power to make her well. The tall, brilliantly painted witch-doctor was not called in to take care of her because Osseo believed only in Ta-vwoats. After many moons Oweenee passed on into the land of the Great Unknown. Osseo was lost without his beautiful wife and became very despondent. He soon lost his high ranking in the tribe and younger, less experienced bucks took his place.

One day while he was wandering alone he saw before him another In-

dian. He did not seem as the other members of his tribe and so he passed him by with hardly more than a glance and nod. But the Indian stopped him and they began to talk.

"You seem very sad, lonely, and tired. Is there anything I can do to help you?" said the stranger.

"Yes, I am lonely and sad. A few moons ago Ta-vwoats called my wife back to the Happy Hunting Grounds," answered Osseo. He was surprised that he could talk to a stranger so freely, but he seemed to be attracted to him by a force beyond his power and understanding.

"Perhaps I can help you," said the stranger.

"What can you do? The great god Ta-vwoats knows best," said Osseo, as he walked slowly onward.

"For your undying faith in Ta-vwoats I am going to take you to your wife so that you may see that she is very happy in her new home," answered a voice from nearby him.

Osseo turned quickly but could see no one. His new-found friend had vanished. As he turned back again he stared unbelievably at what lay before him. The earth had parted and

on either side were tall, beautifully-tinted rocks. The crevice was deep and wide. He walked slowly downward and then stood at the entrance to this great chasm.

The voice spoke softly, "Journey forth, my friend. The trail to the great beyond lies before you."

Osseo went forth and all happened as was promised. He spent many happy hours in the Happy Hunting Grounds. When he reached the end of the trail on his homeward journey, he turned and looked back. Perhaps he might go again, he thought to himself.

The voice spoke once more, "Now that your journey is ended, my friend, I must make it impossible for others to pass through into that land."

As the voice ceased the air was filled with a roaring noise, and looking downward Osseo saw rolling through the trail a wild surging river. With a light heart he turned homeward. He knew that he too would soon be in that land of plenty.

This is a legend of how the Colorado River and Grand Canyon originated.

Ruby Cochrane, '39

SLEEPING BEAUTY

Long years ago when knights were bold
And ladies dressed in lace,
A princess was born to a king and queen
In some far distant place.

Twelve fairies blessed her with a gift
And then, unknown to all,
A thirteenth one bewitched the babe
Before a hand could fall.

When ten years then and five had passed

The old witch did proclaim,
The princess would her finger prick
And then in bed be lain.

A prince would then awaken her
Beside her bed alone,
Then as the fairy promised him,
He'd claim her for his own.

When ten years and five had passed,
The witch's prophecy
Came true upon the maid's birthday,
And laid in state was she.

Bushes and brambles large and small
Hid her domain from view,
Even the stately towers, they said
Had only been seen by few.

After a hundred years had fled
A prince was passing through
As if some magic guided him
The castle he did pursue.

Strangely enough, to say the least,
The thick woods let him pass
As if they knew the secret why
This prince did seek the lass.

The fowl in the courtyard fast asleep
Were wakened at his step.
Through marble hall and golden stair
The servants all still slept.

Hastening up to the towers tall
Into a room he did peep
There he beheld on a silken couch,
The princess fast asleep.

Her beautiful hair hung to her knees
And shimmered like the gold
Here was a pretty maid unseen,
Her beauty still untold.

In her lily white hand was clasped
a rose
Its petals still rosy red,
He turned to cast the rose away,
But kissed her hand instead.

Now the spell at last was broken
 The prince and the princess were
 gay
 They told of their love for each
 other,
 And were married the very next day.

Alice Brightman, '40

LIFE

"Good evening, Mrs. Brown. And how is Billy?"

"Oh Doctor, I'm afraid! You know of all the diseases that come in a flood and such a flood!"

"Yes, but I really don't think that it is serious. I would have come sooner but I had to be rowed around in a boat, in the flood district. If it rains any more I'll have to make most of my calls via a row boat."

The frail white face of a little boy rested gently on a soft white pillow. He looked at the doctor, but contrary to his usual actions he failed to otherwise greet the doctor. The calm unruffled doctor held his stethoscope over Billy's heart and proceeded to give him a thorough examination.

Mrs. Brown clutched her handkerchief and looked out of the window in an attempt to quell her rising fears. She had seen the sun go behind the dark grey clouds as the doctor approached. His dark grey suit seemed to be a part of this background.

"The boy has typhoid fever. We will have to get serum to him very quickly. I will get in touch with Boston and I'm sure that we'll have Billy tearing the house upside down in just a few days."

The doctor hurried to the phone, but much to his dismay it failed to work. In a flash he remembered that all of the phones in town had failed to work since early yesterday morning, because of the flood. The doctor's usual unruffled nature was no-

ticeably disturbed. His tired brain realized that the best way to get information on reaching Boston was through the police station. A few minutes later at the police station he asked that question. His tired eyes looked up and saw the policeman's shaking head and his eyes hopelessly looked at the floor.

He looked up as a khaki clad Boy Scout approached.

"I know a way, sir, that may work."

He smiled at the boy but the dismal look returned.

The boy, eager to be of help, said:

"My troop built a radio set and I could broadcast the message, and if we were lucky the Boston police would pick up the message on their radio. The police could get somebody to fly the serum here and the pilot could drop it to us."

The doctor said that it sounded plausible but I think that I should put a question mark at the end because of his doubtful tone.

"Well, son," said a policeman, "where there's a will there's a way," and patted the boy's cheek.

In Boston, a few minutes later, this dramatic message found its way to the police station. The message was relayed to the Massachusetts General Hospital. Two state troopers on duty at the hospital proved to be the escort for a black streamlined car carrying a precious burden. The mad race against death had begun. The sirens screamed a warning and the way was cleared for a small package. Pedestrians looked up but they little realized that the cause of this haste was a boy twenty-five miles away. The exhaust was thunder and the machine sped with lightning rapidity.

There was no slowing up. A sharp curve was rounded by applying brakes and skidding around it. The

driver of the car wrenched the wheel as a pedestrian bobbed in front of his vision. Luckily he missed the object and the errand of mercy continued. They reached a straight-away and the speedometer rose to ninety miles per hour.

Meanwhile police had got in touch with the East Boston Airport and they were getting a plane ready, although it was poor flying weather. The pilot was tuning up the plane when the coffin grey car slowed to a stop beside the plane.

Jimmy Allen, the hero of many air escapades, tenderly laid the white package beside him in the plane. His neat monoplane raced for the end of the field as he brought the stick back and caused her to leave the ground.

The grim referee sounded the bell for round three in the fight of Death vs. Life.

He checked the instruments and examined his map before carefully heading the nose of the drab and yellow ship towards North Andover. The low hanging clouds were closing in and his better judgment made him take the ship up another thousand feet. This effort to get above the clouds did him no good because of another layer of clouds which he was in. The weather was bad for even a short trip. He estimated the ceiling at eight hundred feet and dropping. He headed the plane down and hoped that he could get below the clouds. At five hundred feet he leveled the ship off and proceeded on his way only with the aid of his instruments, flying blind.

His radio cracked and a voice chanted:

"Calling Trip I, Ceiling one hundred feet and closing in. Commander advises you to return. Report Trip I."

Jerry reported but continued on his wav. In a few minutes by mental calculations Jerry found himself

over North Andover but he did not see how he could possibly land or drop the serum.

A voice from the outer world with deathlike regularity said, "Ceiling zero, all ships grounded."

The voice droned on.

"Flight I out from Boston only ship out. Report flight I."

After receiving instructions as to the location of church spires and mill chimneys, Jerry checked the ship as it slipped down to one hundred feet. Finally, in desperation, with two lives in balance, he attempted to set the ship down in what he thought was a field. A feeling of relief filled him and he set the monoplane down. Too late he saw that the field was water. He flung his hand against the crash pad and awaited the inevitable crash. In the last few moments he thought of the lives that had been risked for what? To save the life of a child who might be already dead.

Ten minutes later the intended victim recovered consciousness and investigated his surroundings. Jerry grabbed a branch of a tree as he drifted by and made his way to safety with a small overdue package. His arm pained him and there was a large swelling on his forehead. After walking approximately a quarter mile he saw a light and with his small remaining strength he staggered through the door.

Mr. McHenry, a kindly man, got in touch with our police and helped him into a bed. Meanwhile, Mrs. McHenry busied herself with getting the tired pilot a bowl of hot soup.

In a few minutes Mr. McHenry returned with the police. The serum was transferred to the police car.

The doctor was caring for Billy as best he could. His attempts to cheer Billy up sounded hollow. Unexpectedly he heard the wail of a siren. His pessimistic ears strained to

hear the approach of the police car. The package was in the doctor's arms almost before the car had stopped.

Two days later Jimmy, the pilot, had promised that Billy could ride in the airplane as soon as the doctor would permit him. Needless to say Billy recovered very quickly and the pilot's promise was carried out to its fullest extent.

John James, '38

DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?

Andrew Hall was a middle-aged Englishman. Being small, he had, of course, a large walrus mustache. One dark afternoon he stepped aboard the London-Southampton train, neatly dressed in pin-stripe worsted and clutching a dismally wet umbrella. Outside the station a driving rain was changing to a slashing roaring storm.

He seated himself and sighed. And he said to himself: "I wish I were home. My slippers will be toasting before the fire. And my wife will have tea ready. And, it being Saturday, there will be a boiled egg and a plate of shrimps. My word—I do like shrimps!"

He shivered. Felt cold. Not in his body, since he wore long flannel underwear and the train was warm, but—had he known, which he did not—in his soul. . . .

He gave a start as he heard a cough.

A cough. Nothing else.

Yet at that moment he was conscious of a very vivid state of terror.

He turned; saw that another man had come out of the corridor into the compartment which hitherto he had had to himself: a man very much like himself; small, neatly dressed in pin-stripe worsted.

Being a Briton, he disliked strangers.

He turned away; thought, once more, of his snug home in London.

"My word," he ruminated, "I do like shrimps. . . ."

He was thoroughly annoyed when his reflections were interrupted by a voice:

"Don't you agree with me?" It was the other little man.

"Don't I agree with what?" demanded Andrew Hall.

"What I said a moment ago." The little man smiled thinly, pointed at the gathering night, the solid sheets of rain sweeping the window. "I said," he remarked, "that this is just the sort of night for ghosts to be about."

Andrew Hall gave a sniff. "Pah!" he said. "I don't believe in ghosts."

"Oh—don't you?" said the other little man. He gave a brittle laugh—and, the next second, had vanished into thin air. . . .

Laurence Shyne, '38

SPRING FEVER

Feeling sort of dreamy like,
'Cause spring's in the air,
Just don't want to do a thing
Or go anywhere.

Sitting 'round and whittling
Has become a habit,
Listening for a robin's call,
Watching for a rabbit.

Got a lot of chores to do,
Should work like a beaver,
But I just can't do a thing
While I've got spring fever.

Robert Ayer, '39

WHAT IS A GHOST?

What is that thing that's called a ghost?

In all our lives, but children's most,
He haunts us and he gives us scares
While we are slumbering unaware.
When all the town's asleep at night

He wakes us up and to our plight
 He chases us around the streets
 Dressed in his great white robe of
 sheets.
 He follows us with knife and gun
 Around the streets, and do we run!
 He catches us and we awake
 While shaking like a great earth-
 quake.
 On stormy nights he screams and
 hoots
 Like an orchestra full of flutes.
 On ways, lone, dark and shadowy too
 He shadows us, both me and you.
 "What is a ghost?" all want to know.
 I looked it up and found it, so
 Here is an answer to our plight,
 A ghost is nothing dressed in white.

Robert Downing, '39

SLIP HORN

Well, you see, it was like this. I was walking downtown and this guy walks up to me and says, "Hello, son, you look like an honest fellow so I'm going to give you this trombone." I look this guy over and says to myself, "This guy's nuts." But seeing as I always wanted a slip horn I says, "Thanks, mister, but what have I got to do for you to get this piece of plumbing?"

"Nothing, son, but when you learn to play it, will you come and see me?"

"Okay, pal," I says and walks away. He has given me a piece of paper on which he has scratched an address. I take this hunk of brass up to my one room suite and begin to practice. After three hours' practice I am good enough for any Salvation Army band. But seeing as I want to be good I guzzle a bottle a milk and start in again. About three o'clock my lips are enough to make any cannibal green with envy, so I calls it a night and hits the hay.

I wakes up about ten the next day, and without even eating any breakfast, I start blatting away at this trombone that I got right here now. With my positive pitch and knowledge of harmony I get good enough to follow the "Radio Dance Band."

I does this for about three weeks and then I go to the musicians' joint in town and see a couple a gobble pipers and a three-legged harp player. I also get a hold of a symbol smasher that ain't doing anything. I tell them to come up to my dump for a rehearsal. Right after that I go and soak twenty-five bucks for music. I can't read the stuff and maybe the others can't, but the covers are pretty anyways.

After the rehearsal that night in which the Scotch flows pretty heavy, we are pretty good, so I tells them maybe we can get a job Friday night. You see I got a pal that is president of a club that runs dances every night. I go to bed dreaming of myself playing over WHGS.

The next day I see my pal and asks him the chances of us playing Friday night. "Sure, come in at eight o'clock and bring your boys." So I run downtown and see the boys and tell them to put on their glad rags and be there at eight sharp. They assures me that they will and they will as who's going to pass up eight bucks for four hours of fun.

Friday night comes and we play the job. Everything goes swell, only the E flat gobble piper's a practical joker. He takes the reed out of the other guy's licorice stick and when he goes to play a hot chorus with the band out, with the exception of the rhythm, he just blows hot air through the wood, which is awfully nice for the moths on these wintry days.

Anyhow, I goes to see the guy that give me the blat iron and he

seems awful glad to see me. He tells me he saw my name in the scandal sheet and is glad I did so well. He tells me to get an eighteen piece band together and to rehearse them until they are good and then bring them back to him. Before I go I am debating whether or not to sock this guy and call the nut wagon. Seeing as I read somewhere, "Discretion Is The Better Part Of Valor" I forgets and go to the musicians' dive again. I nod to my boys and start hunting for some more pieces. By the time I leave I have the word of two more saxes, three sawboxes, another slip horn, a grunt horn, a guitar, and four plumbers to be at my room at six-thirty.

I rehearse these guys until one-thirty and then tell them to meet me at the nut's office at six tomorrow night. Oh, I didn't tell you that the nut gave me fifty bucks with which to buy some music. We got some of it down pretty good before we quit, too.

The next evening at six I was with the boys at the nut's office all set up as if to play.

"Now, boys," said the nut, "at six-fifteen I want you to play ten numbers without a word or any noise. Pick your numbers now."

Me, thinking the guy battier than ever, pick out ten numbers that we knew good and put them on the stand. With my trombone under one arm, my baton under the other (I say baton because Paul W. has a stick he calls one) I watched the clock carefully.

At just six-fifteen I raise my baton and we begin. We play swell right through to six-fifty-six. Then at this time we play our theme song in which I give the audience (my men) a slip horn solo. At seven sharp we quit.

"Wonderful," says the nut. "You have won me five thousand dollars." Explanations were in order after this outburst, so I sit down mopping my brow.

You see it was like this. This guy I only called a nut was the president of WHGS. He had made a bet with the president of a rival station that he could give a guy a slip horn and fifty bucks and get an orchestra to play on his program four nights a week and the orchestra would be good. He had six months in which to win this bet. The rival claimed there wasn't a person in this city that could learn to play the trombone good enough to get a real hot swing orchestra. It was a long chance but the nut has plenty of dough and likes to gamble long chances.

So that's the end of my story. Who am I? Oh, you've probably never heard of me. My name is Tommy Dorsey.

Freeman Hatch, '38

CONTRAST

"Ezrie,—Ezrie!"

Mrs. Higgins, an energetic little person, with fire in her eye, thrust out her white head and shrieked at the top of her querulous voice.

"Ezreee, Ezreee, come in here this minit! I've something to say to you! And be quick about it, I haven't got time to waste like some people I know. Land sakes, did you ever see the beat of that man? I know where to put the blame of his son's failures. Where is that man! Ezrie Higgins!"

This rather heated soliloquy had been addressed to the barn door so that she had not seen her husband enter reluctantly to one side of her. Only when he asked meekly, "What it is now, Maria?" did she jerk her head back and whisk around to face

him threateningly, disregarding the fact that he was eight years her senior and twice her stature.

"Ezra Higgins, did you see your son's report card?" she demanded. "Every mark is below standard and his deportment is still lower. If I didn't know where the real blame lay I would have given him a good tanning, I can tell you! It's no wonder he doesn't get any farther than the foot of his class with a father like you to guide him. I wonder how you expect him to become something great if you never help him along. Why don't you encourage him in his studying? Every time I settle him down to his studies you ask him if he wants to feed the animals or bring in the cows, or, or—" Here she paused to regain her breath.

"Why Maria," her husband ventured timidly, "I don't put no stock in book larnin'. If the boy is honest and willing to work that's all the larnin' he needs, I calculate. What if he ain't suthen big? His happiness don't depend on that. My father lived and died on this farm and his afore him, and me the same and none of us ain't had a mite of book larnin' and we hain't never starved, have we?"

This speech was amazingly long coming from Ezra, and, quite startled at himself and afraid of the consequences, he hurriedly pushed open the screen door and rushed out. Maria went in search of her son, grumbling as she went, "If his own father doesn't do his duty by his son, at least I'll do mine."

The mellow rays of the afternoon sun streamed across John's bed and formed a warm pool of light on the floor as he entered. A light breeze floated in through the open window, lifting the white curtains gently and fanning his hot face. In spite of his

menacing report card he had run all the way home from the small country school, for he and another boy had decided to see how the fish were biting, and they wanted to get the benefit of the warm afternoon by going to the creek as soon as school was over. John felt uneasy about the report card and was anxious to escape before his mother came to lecture him.

Throwing his books carelessly across the bed, he hastily gathered together his fishing tackle and let it fall from his window into the shrubbery beneath. His room was two stories from the ground, but the rain pipe, beside the window, served quite well as a stair. John escaped just in time. He darted around the corner of the house at the same moment that Maria entered his room. Triumphant in his success he dashed around to the screen door of the kitchen, flew in, knocked one of his mother's shiny pots down, grabbed a fistful of newly-made cookies and rushed out again, the screen door slamming indignantly behind him.

His friend was waiting for him when he reached the creek. He, too, had raided his mother's kitchen, and evidently with greatest success, for a bottle of milk and an entire pie were stowed among a group of bushes.

"Hi, John, get anything? Cookies? That's swell, I like that kind too. Your mother sure knows how to make them. I swiped a whole pie. It's over there," pointing to the concealed spoils. "You'd better put the cookies there too, for now, so's they won't get all broke up."

John complied, and then sat down on the bank beside his friend, saying, "Gosh, I just got out in time. Good thing that rain pipe is so handy. Ma'll be rippin' when she can't find me!"

And Maria was "rippin'!" She saw the open window and guessed how he had escaped. Then hearing the pot fall in the kitchen, she hurried down, but he had disappeared. Tightening her thin lips she picked up the pot, hung it carefully on its proper hook, and being quite breathless from running up and down stairs, she sat down on a stool and rested a moment.

She determined, as soon as John returned, to make him study for at least two hours. And if she could help it, he would study those books every night until he knew them by heart. She knew her duty and meant to stay by it. If her son didn't become a wealthy banker or a lawyer, or a doctor, or something, it wasn't going to be her fault. Some day he'd thank her for making him learn something. Why, if she'd had the chance her son had—

Her thoughts were interrupted as a shadow fell across the table and someone knocked on the door. In her excitement she had taken no notice of the sound of grating wheels outside, and now she was amazed to find a horse-drawn carriage in the yard. The man at the door grinned. Then she exclaimed:

"Why, bless me, if it isn't brother Jack! Come in and let me have a look at you. Well, I declare, I'm mighty glad to see you. Have you come for a nice, long visit, like you promised so many times?"

"Well, you see, Maria," he explained, "I only have time to bring my wife and Gussy down and find out if it's okay with you to leave them here a week or so. I can't stay because of business, but Gussy's health is rather poor, and we thought a few weeks in the country wouldn't harm him. He wouldn't come until

his mother promised to come with him, so if you have room—?"

"Of course, Jack, but it's too bad you have to go back right away."

While Maria and her brother were talking, a slender, dandified youth descended gracefully from the wagon. He handed his mother down with a grand air, led her to the door, and came to a halt before the surprised Maria. Boys, in her estimation, did not have the knack of being polite, and the "Good afternoon, Aunt Mary" that he addressed to her was delivered in such a smooth tone, and accompanied by such a polished bow, that she was rather startled.

His mother smiled graciously and pecked her on the cheek by way of salute, saying, "So this is my sister-in-law. I'm delighted to know you, I'm sure. Augustin, aren't you going to kiss Aunt Maria?"

He favored his aunt with a kiss, and said petulantly, "Really, Mother, I wish you wouldn't call her Aunt Maria. I detest that name so. I'm sure she won't mind our calling her Aunt Mary instead, will you, Aunt?"

"Why, no, 'course not," Maria answered, beginning to recover her usual composure. She invited them into the house, called for Ezrie, and introduced them to him. An hour later her brother drove away, promising to return in about a week, and Maria was left with the boy-prodigy and his mother.

The latter asked her son if he felt well after the journey, and being answered in the affirmative, looked at him doubtfully and left for bed, declaring that the journey had given her a headache and that she would be better in the morning.

Left alone, Augustin examined the room and his aunt with a patronizing air. When he had finished his

scrutiny he began to shoot questions at Maria about subjects that she had never heard of.

"Why don't you have electricity here?"

"Well, you see—"

"I'll bet you don't know who discovered electricity, do you now? I do. Benjamin Franklin. We studied all about him in school last week. Where's Constantinople?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Who is he?"

"It isn't a he; it's a city in Greece. I know all about geography and history. I'll bet you don't know when the revolution was fought. I do. But never mind that now. I had another question in my mind. What was it? Let me see—"

Poor Maria was glad of the pause and began to wish John would return and take him off her hands.

He remembered the question, and a fresh volley started. Maria was not a woman of patience, and only her bewilderment, and the grand airs he assumed kept her from bursting out in indignation.

Suddenly he paused. "Oh! I almost forgot. Didn't I hear that you had a son, Aunt Mary? Where is he?"

"Yes," Maria answered, glad of the change, "I have a boy of about your own age. He skipped out before I had time to see him this afternoon and hasn't come back yet. He'd ought to be here pretty soon though."

"What did he skip out for? Did he do something wrong? I never disobey my mother and father. They are very proud of me. I am the brightest boy in my class, and last year I had

a double promotion. Is your boy smart?"

"Well," Maria replied grimly, "he never had a double promotion and he's not the smartest boy in class, but he can be helpful when he wants to be."

"Oh my goodness! Do you mean he does work?" asked Augustin in a shocked tone. "My mother would never allow me to degrade myself that way! Why I never did any work in my life. That's for the servants to do."

Just then the door opened and John appeared with a string of fish on his line, his clothes bedraggled and his face dirty.

"Hello, Ma," he greeted her anxiously, "are you mad at my report card? Honest, I tried hard, but gosh! a fella can't study those old books when he can have such fun outside. An' Jim got worse marks than me—." He paused confused when he saw his young cousin, who was eyeing him disdainfully, and with his nose several degrees higher than usual.

Maria took the line of fish, eyed them approvingly and set them in a pan. Turning to the two boys she snapped, "This is your cousin Augustin, come to visit us for a week. Take him around the farm and amuse him as much as you can out-of-doors. He musn't stay in the house much, 'cause he needs the air and sunshine. And don't let me ever hear another word. I don't care how dumb you are in school as long as you can keep a sane head on your shoulders."

Opening the screen door she pushed the amazed boys out, and slamming it shut heaved a sigh of relief.

Clayton DeNault, '38

A STORM ON THE LAKE

The angry waves are rushing on the shore.

They speak in accents crushing to the shore.

The grey to white is breaking on the sand,

An angry protest making to the land.

I hear the waters slapping at the wharves,

No quiet gentle tapping on the wharves,

They rend the lake asunder

And cast it on the shores.

Virginia Carvell, '39



STUNT NIGHT

The annual Stunt Night was March third. The Juniors won the prize by a unanimous vote. Their stunt was a scene in a dress shop in which all the models and the customers were boys. All of the stunts were well planned and well acted. After the stunts the evening was finished by dancing and refreshments.

NEW CLUB ORGANIZED

The Practical Arts Club, known as such for the past few years, has changed its name. Henceforth it will be the "Sub-Deb" Club. It is now one of the many branches of a nation-wide club for girls. The club is under the leadership of Miss Clara Curley.

During the meeting on March 17, Miss Rose Mary Coppeta spoke to the members on an ever-popular subject, "General Clothing Principles." This program was greatly enjoyed by the club members.

THE KLONDIKE GOLD RUSH

A few weeks ago Mr. Frank Douglas in an assembly program, spoke to the school on the Klondike gold

rush. Mr. Douglas had maps of that section to illustrate his points. He told the story of how gold was discovered and of the great risk and the hardships endured to get there. He told how the gold was mined, and of the equipment used in the mining of gold. He had some things he had brought from the Arctic with him. Some of them were moccasins from a baby's to a man's, snowshoes about four feet high, a dog's harness, a fur parka, and big fur mittens. He also had a silver cyote, seven feet long, which he said was typical of that country.

Mr. Douglas let the audience look at his things after the lecture.

WITH THE ALUMNI

George Busby, Jr., Class of '32, completed a chemistry course and graduated from Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass., last June. His thesis was entitled "The Corrosion of Copper Pipes by Cold Water."

Frank Stevenson, Class of '33, is a freshman at Worcester Polytechnic Institute in Worcester.

William Stead, Class of '31, received a degree of Bachelor of Sci-

ence in Civil Engineering, Northeastern University, recently.

Robert Gagne, Class of '32, was recently elected a member of Phi Beta Kappa at Yale University.

Helen McCarthy, Class of '35, is attending Bryant & Stratton Business School in Boston.

Rita Enaire, Class of '34, is also attending Bryant & Stratton in Boston.

J. E. Kennedy, Class of '34, attending the University of Vermont, was recently elected vice-president of the Gold Key, an honorary society at the University.

MARIONETTE SHOW

A marionette show, entitled "Three Heads in a Well," was presented on Thursday, March 18, by the Dramatic Club. A performance was given at 2:15 for the high school students and another at 3:30 for the grade pupils.

The cast of characters was as follows:

The King	Mary Thompson
The Queen	Phyllis Pearl
The Beautiful Princess	Helen Richard
The Ugly Princess	Sarah Lewis
The Prince	Phyllis Pearl
The Cobbler	Evelyn Clark
The Little Old Man	Ruth Whittaker
The Three Heads	Evelyn Clark

Much credit is due these girls for their splendid efforts in presenting such a finished production. Edwin Cunningham and James Williams were in charge of tickets, and Dorothy P. Lord and Marie Alice Dolan were ushers. At the conclusion of the presentation, the members of the club explained the working of the marionettes to the eager children. Considering the applause and the enthusiastic reception of the performance, we can readily say that "Three Heads in a Well" was successful.

SOPHOMORE-JUNIOR DANCE

The annual Sophomore-Junior dance was held on Friday evening, March 19. The active committee in charge of this event consisted of the sophomore and junior class officers: Thomas Sullivan, Hazel Blanch, Herbert Barwell, Charles Foster, Thomas Pendlebury, Ruth Whittaker and Arthur Banker. Dancing was enjoyed from 8 to 11, with Hatch's Orchestra supplying the music.

On March 18 the W. P. A. Band of Haverhill gave a very fine concert for our assembly program. There were about twenty members in the band and many instruments were used, from the tuba to the flute. The concert took the form of a geography trip and started from Boston, on to Coney Island and then took us through many other countries, on wings of song. The band was very ably conducted by Mr. Millington and many thanks are due him and his fellow bandsmen for their enjoyable program.

THE GIRL FROM CHILD'S

A. A. play presented April 15, 16.

The cast:

Gwendolyn Keyes	Barbara Brown
Diane, her maid	Eleanor Parker
Baxter, a housekeeper	Helen Richard
Mrs. Stuyvesant Wood	Georgiana Curley
Miss McAvoy, a society reporter	Lillian Robertson
Stuyvesant Wood, head of House of Wood	Gordon Thurlow
Stanley Wood, his younger son	Milton Howard
Lord Algernon DeCourcy	Donchester
Henry Wood, the elder son	Mason Downing
Mary, the girl from Child's	Mathew Hennessy
	Marie Dolan

Stage manager: Oscar Richard.

FRESHMAN-SENIOR RETURN
PARTY (April 9)

Committee: Marcia Barker, Philip Kelly, Janet Kershaw, William Mackie, Katherine Wainwright.

Cast for "Elmer."

Elmer	William Mackie
Susan	Leonora St. Jean
Jeanie	Katherine Wainwright

Janie	Marcia Barker
Miss Pinney	Dorothy Dainowski
Mrs. Collier	Janet Kershaw
Fannie Belle	Margaret McKinnon
Hubert	Robert Cunningham
Russell	Arthur Greenwood

Stage manager: Philip Kelly.

Music: Hatch's orchestra.



ATHLETICS



GIRLS' SPORTS

Another basketball season has ended. Once again it has been most successful; the Johnson girls played fifteen contests and fourteen of them found them on the large end of the score.

The banquet of the Lowell Suburban League, held at Tewksbury High School, March 13, was a worthy culmination to their efforts. A sterling silver trophy, symbolic of the league championship, was presented to the team; eight members of the squad received individual basketballs: Caroline Barker, Margaret McRobbie, Rosemary Cashman, Dorothy McGregor, Emily Sanderson, Isabelle Phelan, Veronica Fitzgerald, and Marcia Barker.

In post-season games, the Johnson class teams opposed those of Punchard and Howe High Schools. The results point conclusively to an assurance that our future girls' team will acquit itself in a true Johnson manner.

The scores were:

Johnson	Punchard	
11	6	Fresh
0	9	Soph.
8	17	Jun.
8	3	Sen.
Johnson	Howe (at Howe)	
19	18	Fresh.

3	25	Soph.
4	8	Jun.
Johnson	Howe (at Johnson)	
20	2	Fresh.
2	10	Soph.
24	1	Jun.
22	3	Sen.

BOYS' SPORTS

Johnson closed a very successful season with a record of only two defeats in twenty-three games.

Johnson was undefeated in the Lowell suburban league, and received a permanent trophy.

By the virtue of defeating Punchard, Wilmington, and Howe, in the Punchard Upper Merrimac Valley Tournament, Johnson gained another trophy. To become a permanent possession this trophy must be won three years.

We all hope that Captain-elect Fred Coram has as successful a season as high scoring Captain Walter Roberts had this year.

Traveling to Townsend, Johnson defeated Littleton and Clinton, but failed to enter the finals. Appleton Academy, the eventual winners defeated us in the semifinals.

A squad of fifty men turned out on the first day of baseball practice. The following letter-men reported, Detora, Barwell, West, Sullivan.

NUTTY CRACKS

By Ima Nutt

I like work; it fascinates me. I
can sit and look at it for hours.

I follow this lead up with a tragic
poem:

A little green chemist
On a summer day,
Some chemicals mixed
In a little green way;
And now the green grasses
Tenderly wave
Over the chemist's
Little green grave.

If you want to remember things,
tie a string around your finger.

If you want to forget things, tie a
rope around your neck.

A bird in the hand is bad table
manners.

The early bird gets his bath while
the water is still hot.

"Pete" McGrail says that he hates
holidays. He says it makes him feel
so common when the rest of us aren't
working either.

The reciprocity treaty we under-
stand provides for a reduction in in-
dustries on articles. Canada produces
better than we do. That would in-
clude hockey players and quin-
tuplets.

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